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# (JIRLS' DAGE.

# PHILIP'S RUNAWAY ROLLER SKATES

Once upon a time there was a certain! ful Philip. His mother hardly ever sent the magic word. him on errands because he either forgot to go or else he forgot what he had been gent for One day, however, she was un- down in the mouth yet?" usually busy and there was nobody else

to go to the store for her.

"Run as fast as you can Philip, please," To-morrow is sister's birthcav party and I must make her cake this don't you try a flower store?" Now don't forget, Philip, for shall have no time to make the cake to- and milk and eggs at a florist's!" Philip

Philip said he would remember-he siways said that and off he started down the street. As he went along he thought about the cake and how good it would taste, and then he began to wish that merrow were his birthday. "If it was," he said to himself, "I would ask father for a pair of roller skates good ones, the the fellow next door has. Oh, dear, and forgetting all about his errand, Phil sat down under a tree to dream of what a time time he might have if he only had

After a while some little girls came along skipping rope and asked Philip to turn for them. He played with them till they got tired and ran home and then Philip was astonished to notice that it was growing late. The sun was stretching out long yellow fingers to shake hands good night and the mother birds were singing bedtime songs to their babies in the branches. Suddenly the boy remembered his errand. The eggs, the butter and the milk!

The grocery store would soon be closing- and poor sister would not have any birthday cake! Philip started to run as fast as he could and as he went he saw a y speeding along on roller skates ahead of him, a queer looking boy in a pointed red cap and a little green jacket.

Must be the fellow next door," thought Phil "If I only had his skates-why there, he's stopping. Maybe he would lend them to me." But by the time Philip caught up the queer little boy had disappeared through the doorway of a house, leaving his shiny new skates lying on the steps. Without stopping to think Philip sat down and put them on. They were just the right size for him. "I'll only borrow them to go as far as the store, he thought. "Hurrah, I'm off!"

And off he went, not at any ordinary roller skate rate, but with a glide and a swoop and a plunge that soon made him dizzy and breathless. He had never known he was such a fine skater. I'd better slow down," he thought, "before I run into somebody!" This sounded well. but Philip found it impossible to do it. Faster, faster and even faster yet the skates would whirl him onward, but stop little man. they would not. Philip understood at last: these were no common skates, they

were running away with him. In and out through the crowd without ment changed to an ash walk. Bumpetybump-bump, on rolled the skates just as leaf. fast as over the smooth sidewalk, only

"No use," cried the little man, who was lattle boy who had such a bad memory laughing so that he almost fell off the that people sometimes called him Forget-

"Now run along home, boy," said he. But what's the matter? You're looking

Philip sighed. "It's about the milk and the butter and the eggs," he explained. You see, I was to fetch them from the said she, "and tell the man I want a dozen grocery store, but now it's too late, and eggs and a pint of milk and two pounds my sister won't have any birthday cake!" "Hm! That's bad," said the elf. "Why

> "Why-because-you can't buy butter answered

"Stupid!" snapped the elf. "You talk like a Grown-up! I didn't say a florist's.



I said a flower store-and you'd better be quick, for even they are closing up. This way to the butter and egg shop!" And off he darted through the grass to where a pale vellow flower with a touch of bright orange at its heart was swaying in the breeze. Up its slender stem climbed the

"Quick!" he cried. "How much butter did you say? How many eggs?"

"Two pounds-one dozen," Philip answered, staring at him in amazement. as much as grazing any one, on and on The elf vanished for a moment inside the they rushed till they bore Philip past flower but reappeared almost immediately tide, just like skimming the cream off the door of the grocery store. He put quite laden down with bundles. He a saucer of milk, leaving the water out his hand and grabbed at the door hurried back to Philip and presented him post, but it was no use, the magic skates with twelve tiny white eggs-butterfly's would not stop. Now they were coming eggs Philip took them to be, and a dot to the end of Main street, where the pave- of yellow butter almost as large as a pill and neatly wrapped in a piece of a green

"Good-by, and thank you very much now poor Philip's teeth chattered in his indeed," cried Philip, and thrusting the Now they had turned into a nar- eggs, milk and butter in his pocket he row little lane that led to a pasture. A leaped over the wall and started for stone wall was at the end of it, Phil knew, home. Although he had no magic skates domino moves its top a very short with a gate that was almost always locked. now to whirl him along, yet it took him a distance. If we suppose them all to be He would not go this way, but yet he surprisingly short time to reach his standing upright like this: had to. Straight at the wall the skates mother's door. She was standing there dashed, one last mighty stroke, and up waiting for him and as soon as she saw and over they went, landing Philip on him she called out: "Why, Philip, how is nose in the long grass. He was not late you are! I was beginning to think





First looked down and there seated And what rich creamy milk! We shall onifortably on a clover head was a tiny have a fine cake." cllow in a pointed red cap and green Although he had shrunken so

sthough he had shrunken so strand distribution of the street ahead of him.

Tim very sorry," said Philip politely, for se had read so many fairy tales he was straking to "I wish now I'd never taken some hornest skates. Here, you can have the hard states. Here, you can have the hard states. Here, you can have the hard states and stopping down Philip truggied to undo his skate straps.

Philip took them out of his pocket, had turned into the regular store kind, only much nicer. It had been a wonderful afternoon, Philip thought, and he made up his mind that just as soon as his mother got time to listen to him he would tell her all about it. But first she had to make and after that Philip was so sleepy he was obliged to go to bed and next morning—well, you know what a forgetful boy he was—when morning came Philip had forgotten every one of his adventures!

For the fairy groceries, you see, as Philip took them out of his pocket, had

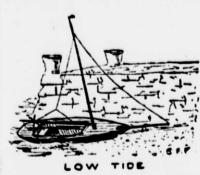
PERPENDICULAR. another stroke of the pencil.

THE TIDES OF THE SEA.

If you have ever lived near the seacome and go twice a day, so sliently the tremendous power behind their mo-

it ebb tide, and say it is going out. When were not found by any of the others. it is rising we call it flood tide and say

like the Sound to be six or seven feet at once to words of two syllables, like deeper than it was six hours before, paper, pencil, apple, cradle and as many and then for this immense body of as come to you readily that are even water to go away again? A dock that longer. the waves almost wash over, and which is standing in a mud bank at evening.



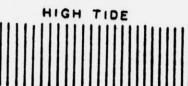
The Sound is more than 100 miles long, and closed at both sides, yet the tide never runs faster than three or four miles an hour, and that only at the eastern end, which we call the Race. Opposite New Haven, half way to New York, the tide runs only a little over a mile an hour. Perhaps you will wonder how all the water that goes out of the Sound ever reaches the sea in such a short time as six hours if it flows no faster than that.

Many misleading statements have been made about the tides, and some persons will tell you that the water rushes round the earth after the moon. If this were true, nothing could live upon the ocean or near the shore, as the speed of the tides would be about 500 miles an hour, which would tear everything on shore to pieces. The real motion of the water is very slight, but as it is chiefly in one direction they tell us that is gradually making the earth turn more slowly on its axis. As it is estimated that this does not amount to more than a second or two To step on all the sidewalk cracks in a year, however, you need not be afraid that the earth will stand still during your lifetime.

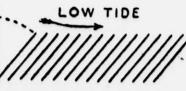
Some people imagine that the surface of the water is all taken off and And sometimes all the way comes back again each turn of the I step on every single crack underneath motionless. But the re- Another time it's keep off cracks, moval of so much water would be a miracle. Suppose that the Sound were only six feet deep. It would be imfor it to run dry all over and fill up again every twelve hours.

The motion of the water in the tides

something like a row of dominoes. When one falls it knocks down the one next to it and the whole row seems to fall at the same time, yet each



We may call it high tide. Now leave one standing upright as a mark to measure by and push the others to the left and the top line i, much lower than it



No individual domino has moved more than a short distance, and this is just what happens in the fall of the tides. No part of the surface water moves more than a few miles, yet several thousand miles of water may sink from the level of high tide to that of low tide.

We see the same motion in more condensed form in the ordinary wave. Unless the waves are rushing on to a shall low beach, the water in the wave simply sways back and forth, like the row dominoes. If you are in a boat and there is no wind to blow you onward. the wave simply raises you up, as if you were on the top of the domino, and then drops you almost in the same place again.

The tides are nothing but very long waves, and the manner in which they run around the earth without the water being obliged to move very far may be illustrated by laying a piece of rope on the floor and making waves run along it from end to end. The waves go all the way, but the rope lies in the same place all the time.

# THE GAME OF WORDS.

There is a very popular game for wet afternoon or a summer's evening, and it is also a good test for one's standing as a speller.

Each boy or girl is provided with a slip of paper and a pencil and a pretty long word is selected from the dictionary, which is to be written at the head of the sheet. Suppose this is the word:

words that are spelled with the letters in the big word, ten minutes being the after they were chosen. For No. 6, for time limit, after which no one is allowed instance, one answer gave adamant,

One of the rules is that no word shall at all, but only hardness.

be made up of letters that come together in the same order in the big word. This rule bars such a word as

"pen." At the end of the ten minutes shore, you must have seen one of the each player calls out the number of State in the Union has its favorite is the one that has the most words that no one else has found. Sometimes this will be a boy or girl with a very short

Very few children know the trick of it is coming in. The rise and fall of the tides is much greater at some places then at others. The playing this game, which is to begin with the shortest words, those that have only one vowel in them and to than at others. At Willets Point, the en- glance over the consonants in the big trance to the Sound. It rises as high as word and pick out as many small words eight feet at times, while at New Lon- as you can as quickly as possible, such don, at the other end of the Sound, it as dip, cup, cur, pun and then take two may not rise more than two or three vowels in words of one syllable, such as rule, pipe, dice, race, rice. After you Did you ever stop to think what it have hit upon a number of these do not means for an immense body of water waste time looking for more, but jump

Those who have words which are not you can step onto from a boat at noon correctly spelled lose a point in the count. It is lots of fun to hear the questions some boys ask, such as, "Is there such a word as rince?" spelling it with a c. Words that have letters not in the big word lose a point.

There are several words that are good ones for this game, such as congregation, with its two g's and two o's. Osensible is another good one and gregariously is very useful because it contains all the vowels including y.



### ON COUNTING CRACKS.

When I go on an errand. I always think it fun. Or else to step on none.

Each time I go that day.

And then I play for fun. If I bur step

When I go on an errand It makes it more like play To keep on cracks or keep off cracks And shortens up the way.

But to-day I had a penny. And I went clear down and back And never thought a single thing About no crack or crack.



# THOSE ENIGMATICAL ANTS.

1. The ant that is always ready to elp others is the assistant.

2. The ant that is always making big noise and bluster is blatant. 3. The ant that is a good swimmer

buoyant. 4. The ants that like to hide themselves in cakes are currants.

5. The ant that is marked by its re finement and grace is elegant. 6. The ant that is noted for its and strength is the elephant

7. The ants that are mostly found in shops are merchants. 8. The ant that is a great biter is mordant.

9. The ant that likes to show off what he knows is a pedant. 10. The ant that always looks well

11. The ant that is usually found at the top of a mast is a pennant 12. The ant that is always sorry for what he does is repentant.

with diamonds on it is a pendant.

13. The ant that people look for wher hey are hungry is a restaurant. 14. The ant that is always taken along by sailing masters is a sextant.

15. The ant that is a great flatterer and toady is a sycophant. 16. The ant that shines most among others is brilliant.

not been looked up in the dictionary which does not denote size and strength to show that stout people look thinner old grandfather pig.

#### STATE FLOWERS.

As you probably know, almost every selected by the votes of public school teachers. Some again have no official When the tide is going down we call list, because the words they have found standing, but are generally recognized and accepted as the State flower:

Here is the latest list:

ALASKA—Forget-ine-not.
ARKANSAS—Apple blossom.
CALIFORNIA—Golden poppy.
COLORADO—Columbine.
CONNECTICUT—Mountain laurel.
DELAWARE—Peach blossom.
FLORIDA—Orange blossom.
FLORIDA—Orange blossom.
ILLINOIS—Violet.
IOWA—Golden rod.
KANSAS—Sunflower.
KENTUCKY—Golden rod.
LOUISIANA—Magnolis.
MAINE—Pine cone.
MARYLAND—Black exed Susan.
MICHIGAN—Apple blossom.
MINNESOTA—Moccasin.
MISSISSIPPI—Magnolis.
MISSISSIPPI—Golden rod.
MISSISSIPPI—Golden rod.
NEBRANA—Blitter root.
NEBRANA—Blitter root. NEBRASKA—Golden rod. NEW MEXICO—Cactus. NEW YORK—Golden rod. NORTH DAKOTA—Wild rose. NORTH DANOTA—Wild rose.
OHIO—Scarlet carnation.
OKLAHOMA—Mistletos.
OREGON Oregon grape.
RHODE ISLAND—Violet.
NOUTH DANOTA—Anemone patens.
TEXAS—Blue bonnet.
VERMONT—Red elover.
WASHINGTON—Rhoddendron.
WEST VIRGINIA—Rhoddendron.
WISCONSIN—Violet.
WYOMING—Gentian.

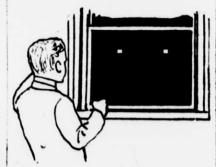
As boys and girls should all know the flower of the State they live in suppose you pick out yours and then look up the flower itself and make yourself familiar with its characteristics. so that if you see it some day in some far off country when you get older and travel about a great deal you will be able to point to it and say, "That is my State flower."

#### OPTICAL EXPERIMENTS.

One should always be careful to distinguish between an optical illusion, which is in the nature of a deception of the sense of vision, and the tricks that depend upon some natural function of the eye, whether unaided or by means of certain colored mediums through which we look. A very common experiment, which

teaches something about the construction of the eye itself, is to take two pieces of white paper, about an inch and a half square, and stick them lightly on a window pane some dark night, so that the two white dots show clearly against the black. They should cause she never allowed it to get spattered be about fifteen inches apart and just with filth. And when she ate she never the height of your eye from the ground, slobbered her bran and sour milk all over level with each other.

opposite the dot to the left and will close your left eye altogether and move ing steadily at the same dot with the right eye, you will presently come to will disappear, but the moment you take amount of mud and dirt. your eye off the dot to the left the one to the right will appear again.



is blind. That is it is not sensitive of the retina are and the moment the Ah, do you think so? image of the white dot to the right room is plainly visible. The distance at which this occurs

rule if the dots are placed at a certain distance apart one of them will disappear at four times that distance from it, so that for two dots fifteen inches from each other, one would not be seen when the person was five feet This is not an optical illusion, as

there is no deception of the sense of sight, but here is an experiment that is strictly an illusion, which any boy or girl can try.

Take a small sheet of white paper

and make the outline of a figure upon one side of it with a very soft lead pencil. Then fold the paper, so that the figure you have just drawn shall be inside and rub the back of it with your finger nail until the pencil marks have been transferred to the other side of the fold.

When you open the sheet again you will have two figures exactly alike in outline. Now go over these two outlines lightly in ink and then make one of them all black inside and the other all black outside and you will get an effect something like this:



will probably find that any person to comfortably into the soft mud for her whom you show them and ask which afternoon nap. "I am afraid that child The object of the game is to see who can find the greatest number of small that the exact meaning of the words had the black one is much fatter than the to her companions. "She's not like the white one, although you know they rest of my children. You know she takes are exactly the same size.

This experiment is sometimes used in white than in dark costumes.

## THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET

Oof-Oof was a very different little pig while the rest of my children merely from her elsters Gobble-It-All and Wal-grant. I think she will be musical." shore, you must have seen one of the each player calls out the number of most wonderful things in the world, the world found and the one with the long- or State flower. These flowers are low. And she was still more different from bere world, the world flowers are low. And she was still more different from bere she world flowers are low. And she was still more different from sisters, and of course the all black ones sisters, and of course the all black ones. through their thick disguise of mud.

> believe she looked any finer than the rest color of Oof-Oof said: "I must fatten up of the fat, sleepy pigs, burrowing their that little beggar. She's a beauty. That noses in the deep, cool mud of the pig seems to be a trick of hers to walt here

Her mother had the wonderful Titian



I wish I had'nt potten up . " Susy Straight-Locks I must look so much nicer when -I'm all curled up in Bed!"

hair so coveted by beautiful ladies the world over. And Oof-Oof's hair had the same red glow, only it was brighter, beher cheeks and down her trim little legs Now if you will get your right eye as did her brothers and sisters. Gobble-It-All and Wallow had patches

of red on their fat bodies, but they also had slowly away from the window, look-ing steadily at the same dat with the point of view. And Snap-Snort and Grovel-Nose not only had bigger patches a place at which the dot to the right of black and less red but an unspeakable The rest of the family that we do not

mention were entirely black and quite like their father in manners and disposition, so entirely unworthy of consideration. Oof-Oof thought of higher things than bran and sour milk. Sometimes when the farmer threw into their family trough a great swimming barrel of delicious mixture he was so indelicate as to call "swill," a fine buckwheat pancake with syrup still clinging to it would be almost within little Oof-Oof's reach. But Gobble-It-All would wedge her greedy jaws in front of Oof-Oof's and snap it down her throat without even stopping to taste its deliciousness Oof-Oof was not lacking in appetite, but her manners were too gentle and well bred to squabble over a mere orange peel or corn meal muffin. She was above being kicked and cuffed and pounced upon. So she spot at the back of your eye which grew into the habit of waiting till the meal was over and taking what was left. Poor to the rays of light as the other parts little thing, she must have grown thin! She retired to a patch of pig weed

falls upon this bilind spot the dot disap- outside the pen and here her mother pears, although everything else in the found her daintily sniffing at the daisylike blossoms.

varies with different people, but as a her mother. "Why don't you nose in more and snap for your rights? Be a pig Cuff harder and root your way in between the others. Oof-Oof looked up at a little canary

bird poised on a tall thistle near the rail his Thanksgiving dinner

that those who have the same word on been adopted by the State Legislature, She was so different from the rest of the that we scarcely mention, were all still and gradually that one does not realize their lists may cross it off. The winner but the majority of them have been family she didn't care to continue the re- gorging themselves at the trough inside lationship and refused to recognize them the pen and squealing at the tops of their voices and fighting over last dainty Now Oof-Oof was the one child out of morsels. The mothers were all asleep in the whole dozen who most resembled her the sun. Little Oof-Oof was looking mother. Her mother was a thoroughbred. up into the boughs of a gnarly apple tree That means that she was of a very old, that stood in the pig pasture. The farmer aristocratio family. She had the number wheeled past outside the fence with his on her eartag to prove it if you don't swill cart, and noticing the fine shimmering

> for special service. So he threw her a fine feast, with bits of ginger cake for dessert. And she ate it as quickly as a little pig may eat and not be said to gobble. Her haste was yet within the bounds of daintiness, but dangerously near the limit.

She was just saying "oof-oof" by way of expressing her satisfaction when her brothers and sisters came scampering and waddling out of the pen. What's that you say?" asked Snap-

Snort grumpily, sniffing the ground where the ginger cake had been. "Oh, I was merely exercising my voice,"

said Oof-Oof soulfully. "What's that?" asked Grovel-Nose stupidly.

"I suppose you don't know what it is to sing," answered Oof-Oof. "This is what I was singing:

"Oui-oui-oui-ump h-umph." "There, didn't I tell you that child was most unusual," said Mrs. Pig to her sleeping neighbor. "That was a very sweet tone, I should say."

"You're getting too airy for the rest of us," one of the little all black brothers dared to remark one day when he noticed that Oof-Oof did not scurry into the pen when the rest did, and that she was just licking some crumbs off her lips as he scampered out from mess. "You'd have had chocolate pudding if you had come along with us."

"I much prefer to dine alone," said Oof-Oof with distinct style. "You don't suppose I'd eat with the common hard when I can have a private servant to wait upon me!"

"Aren't you hungry?" asked her mother waddling past on her way to the trough, hurrying as fast as a very fat pig could. "Oh, food isn't the only thing in the world," answered Oof-Oof. "I am watching how these birds do their high notes."

"Incredible," panted the mother fatly. When the spotted and the black pigs returned from lunch Oof-Oof had taken four full steps up the tree trunk and stood there singing: "Oui-oui-oui-umphumph.

"Umph-umph. indeed!" grunted one of the all black little pigs. But of course his "umph" was nothing but a grunt and very different from Oof-Oof's singing. suppose she thinks she is a bird.

"Impudent whiffet," snorted Oof-Oof. and went on with her song, her chin pointed far up into the branches of the apple tree. That night Ocf-Oof chased the Plymouth Rock hen off her empty old

cracker box full of hay, and crept to sleep there herself "My! What nerve!" said Snap-Snort "She ought to peck your eyes out for that. "I must get used to decent ways of living," answered Oof-Oof innocently,

for I mean to ride in a carriage yet. "In a carriage, umph," said Grovel-Nose. "My, but you're a fine lady! It's too bad you had to be born a pig!" "A servant, private meals, a voice, a

is too much!" said Wallow, breaking into ealous tears. A week later all the pigs, Oof-Oof. the red and black ones, and the black ones, were lolling in the hollows about the pasture. At the far end of the meadow appeared the farmer calling his long. lear "poo-ig, poo-ig." With visions of his cart in their ever hungry minds they scurried and scampered and waddled to

bed and now it is to be a carriage. This

There, that's the little beggar I'm after," the farmer was saying to a strange man with him. "See that all red one Isn't she a beauty? Wouldn't she grac the board of a King?"

the gate.

"Now what did I tell you." said Oof-Oof haughtily to the rest. "You see he has come for me as I said he would And it's not to the farmer's wife I am invited, but to the King. I shall eat at



fence and she sighed and answered: "I "See how fat she is." continued the don't see those little birds making any such fuas over their meals." "See how fat she is." continued the farmer. "I've been giving her special attention for weeks." "There, didn't I tell you he had been

"But you will grow thin, my dear," complained her anxious mother, settling comfortably into the soft mud for her after me. I fear she has some talent."

"What makes you think so?" asked a fat

"There, didn't I tell you he had been waiting on me privately!"
"Load her right into the wagon," said the stranger. "I'll take her without a moment's hesitation. She's a bargain at any price."
"Didn't I tell you I was to have a carriage to ride in?" said Oof-Oof as the men stooped to lift her nto the wagon. "Hush, you little fool!" whispered an old black pig to the one who nad spoken so indiscreetly, "or you'll be the next one. Pigs that are too good for the baravard are the first to go to market."

"She always says 'oof-oof' very prettily, yard are the first to go to market."